

St. Johnsbury Business Directory
T. M. HOWARD,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. R. & W. A. BROWN,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
T. T. SCOTT,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. C. CROSSMAN,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
ALEXANDER THOMPSON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
JOHN BACON, 2nd & Co.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. C. BUTLER & CO.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
DANIELS & COOK,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
P. E. GAGE, Artist,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
HALL & CLARK,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
MISS E. McDUGALL,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
MISS S. A. HIGGINS,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
W. H. HORTON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
N. B. PLINT,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
LEMON GILSON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
C. C. CHILDS,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. T. CASSINO,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. C. BINGHAM,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
GEO. M. BARNEY,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
I. D. KILBOURNE, D. D. S.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. H. NEWTON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. S. BROWNE, M. D.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
HASTINGS & WRIGHT,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. C. DICKINSON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
D. BOYNTON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. H. GREEN,
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
ALDRICH & UNDERWOOD,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
E. WHIPPLE,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
S. DICKY,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
STODDARD & CLARK,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. ROSS,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
A. J. WILLARD,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
MRS. JOHNSON, MILLINER,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
E. JEWETT,
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FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
M. G. HOUGHTON, M. D.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
EDWIN HARVEY,
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
DAVID CHADWICK,
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FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
J. S. DURANT, M. D.,
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FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
Wm. W. GROUT,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
S. C. OTIS,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
LYNDON HOUSE, Lyndon, Vt.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
Geo. C. & Geo. W. CAHOON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
MILLER & TRULL,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Opposite Bank. Main St.
QUIMBY & OVITT,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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Opposite Bank. Main St.
H. A. McCARRY,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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HARRIS LYONS,
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DICKERMAN, BARNEY & CO.,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
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J. R. DELANO & CO.,
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Selected Poetry.
From the Cornhill Magazine for April.
Spring.
Here, where the tall plantation first
Slopes to the river, down the hill,
Stranger impulses, like vernal stir,
Have made me wander at their will.
I see, with half-attentive eyes,
The buds and flowers that mark the Spring,
And Nature's myriad prophecies
Of what the Summer sun will bring.
For every sense I find delight—
The new-wet cushion's murmurous tones,
Young blossoms bursting into light,
And the rich odor of the cones.
The larch, with tassels purple-pink,
Whispers like distant, falling brooks;
And sun-forgotten dewdrops wink
Amid the grass, in shady nooks.
The breeze, that hangs round every bush,
Steals sweetness from the tender shoots,
With here and there a perfumed gush
From violets among the roots.
See, where, behind the ivied rock,
Grow droops of white anemones;
As if the Spring, in Winter's nook,
Were mimicking his snows with these.
The single bloom you furtive bear
Gleams like the very planet Mars;
The creamy primrose appears
In galaxies of vernal stars.
And, grouped in Pleiad clusters round,
Little lilies—some six or seven—
With blossom constellations crown'd.
This quiet nook resembles heaven.
THOMAS HOOD.

THE CALEDONIAN.
Report
Presented to the Town of Wheelock, by the
Town Superintendent of Schools, H. P.
Matheson, at their Annual Meeting,
1860.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Pursuant to the re-
quirements of the law, I submit to you the
following report. I shall speak of the differ-
ent schools in town in the order in which
they are numbered.
District No. 1.—This district purposed to
have ten weeks of school in summer and ten
in winter; but the teacher withdrew from the
summer school after keeping seven weeks.
I am not informed as to the reason. I did
not visit this term of school, (the only one
which I have missed during the year.) The
winter school was as good as could have been
expected for the expense. No. of scholars,
ten in summer and twenty in winter.
District No. 2.—There has been five
months of school here during the year. No.
of scholars in summer, eleven, average ten.
Number in winter, eighteen, averaging six-
teen. I found this school in a pleasing con-
dition. The winter term has been highly
prosperous. The school house is the best in
town.
District No. 3.—This district has support-
ed twenty weeks school during the past year.
Number of scholars in summer seven, aver-
aging 6. No. in winter 14, averaging 13.
This school is to be commended for hav-
ing paid sufficient wages to secure the serv-
ices of efficient teachers, and thereby profit-
able results to their scholars.
District No. 4.—This is the largest and
most advanced school in town. There has
been six months school here supported by
the district, and twelve weeks select school
in the fall. No. of scholars in summer 38,
averaging 29. No. in winter 35, averaging
29. Whole number of scholars in this dis-
trict 67. Number that has attended school
any part of the year 49. I visited this school
twice during the summer and found it in as
good condition as could have been expected
from the great number of small scholars and
the conveniences of a poor house. Progress
was marked. The winter school was taught
by myself. The studiousness and good be-
havior of the scholars was exemplary, and
their improvements equal to other schools in
town.
District No. 5.—This district purposed to
have five months school during the year.—
The summer school was partially successful,
but the winter term proved a failure. The
teacher withdrew after seven weeks, being
unable to sustain order. No. of scholars in
summer 14, and 23 in winter.
District No. 6.—This district has had ten
weeks school in the summer, with 20 schol-
ars attending, and ten weeks in the winter,
with 28 scholars. The summer school was
moderately successful. The winter school
made a bad beginning, the teacher leaving
after three weeks trial, being unable to govern
the school. The second succeeded as
well as could have been expected under the
circumstances. School house the poorest in
town.
District No. 7.—This school, though back-
ward, has had a good degree of prosperity
during the year. The summer school of ten
weeks and 11 scholars, advanced at a slow
pace, but the winter school of the same
length and 20 scholars, under the guidance
of a competent and matured teacher, have
made rapid progress.
District No. 8. There is no school house
in this district. A summer school was com-
menced in a private house, under quite
favorable circumstances, but quarrel arising
about board, the teacher was dismissed. The
second succeeded without giving perfect sat-
isfaction. The prospect in this district looks
discouraging.
District No. 9.—This school, one of the
smallest in town, has been well managed
through the year. It has been very for-
tunate to get two good teachers for low pay.
There has been eight weeks school here in
summer, with 8 scholars attending, average

7, and the same amount of school in winter
with 12 scholars, average 10.
District No. 10.—This school is the second
in size in town, numbering 27 in summer
and 30 in winter. Six months school has
been taught here during the year. Order
has been medium, success moderate, general
appearance of the school good, but I am un-
able to account for its backward condition.
Having made from personal investigation
this brief survey of the schools singly, with
your indulgence I will submit a few remarks
having application more or less to all the
schools.
SCHOOL HOUSES.
Our school houses are in a discouraging
condition: a tendency to discourage both
teachers and scholars they possess, which is
too little thought of by many people in this
town. They are as far behind the times as
the implements of husbandry are that were
in use in the days when they were built.—
They are not only ill-contrived and uncon-
venient but they are uncomfortable and un-
healthy. It cannot reasonably be expected that
schools will prosper as well in such places as
they would in pleasant and convenient house-
es. Perhaps some of the houses might be
repaired so as to do for some of the small
schools, but in most cases, I am inclined to
think, to build new ones would be a far bet-
ter investment.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Attention needs to be called to this sub-
ject. There is too great a multiplicity of
school books in our schools. They are of
all kinds and of all dates. This is not to be
wondered at when we consider the way in
which they have come into use. School
books have been continually appearing be-
fore the public, and claiming the precedence,
and doubtless many of them have been en-
titled to all they have purported to be, while
others of less merit have been imposed
upon the community by men who have
more regard for the profits of the trade than
for the validity of their works. Some par-
ents, ever anxious to give their children all
possible opportunity to learn, buy for them
as many books as they desire, while others,
disgusted with so much changing, (or con-
sidering dollars of more value than knowl-
edge) refuse to buy any more books upon
any consideration. Therefore our schools
are filled with an endless variety of books,
occasioning a great waste of time, and retar-
ding progress in many other ways. But for-
tunately there is now no need of falling into
like errors, since a provision has been made
for this evil. We have a series of school
books recommended from a reliable source,
and probably will not be changed very soon.
The Board of Education, after duly investi-
gating this subject, have given us a list of
school books which may be found in every
school register with their approval. Let
them be universally adopted, and thereby se-
cure the opportunity for competition among
scholars, which will prevail when schools can
be properly classed, and which is so much
wanted in every school in town at present.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.
I have given notice to twenty persons—
all but one of whom have taught in our
schools. Some have taught without license.
A few of those receiving licenses have been
well qualified; but many of them were not
so well qualified as I should have desired. I
have been obliged to license some that I
should not have licensed if there had not
been deficiencies which could not otherwise
have been supplied. The compensation of-
fered teachers in this town by most of the
districts is so small as to discourage com-
petent teachers from applying for schools, or if
they do apply for the schools they do not re-
ceive sufficient encouragement to apply for a
license. Therefore few applications are made
by competent teachers, and some must be li-
censed who are poorly qualified. Some teach-
ers are engaged and allowed to commence
their schools without a license, and when
their schools are partially finished, they then
apply for one, thus making the duty of the
Superintendent two-fold embarrassing. I
cannot think this to be good policy. If teach-
ers are to have a license, let them apply when
the Superintendent feels at liberty to act upon
his best judgment. Neither do I think it
commendable to hire so cheap teachers as
are employed in many of our schools. As a
general rule, I believe the cheapest teachers
make the dearest schools. In short, offer
such wages as good teachers will accept, and
when you get a good teacher keep him as
long as you can, and do not, for the consid-
eration of a few shillings, hazard the instruc-
tion of your children with incompetent teach-
ers.

ORDER.
Upon this word rests the foundation of all
success in school. Notwithstanding the care-
lessness with which many individuals treat
this subject, without regard to the influence
it may have upon scholars, the reality is the
same. There must be order in school or every
effort will be in vain. I am persuaded
that it would not be so much of a task, in
many cases, to govern a school if the teach-
ers had nothing but the scholars to contend
with. But unfortunately there are other in-
fluences quite often outside of the school
house and beyond the reach of the teacher,
which are more difficult to manage than the
scholars themselves. Every person is free
to advocate their views of school teaching,
and frequently scholars participate in the
government of the school, practicing some
of those ill-advised plans. One per-
son would be so stern and severe as to keep
these scholars in constant fear, and rule them
as with a rod of iron, while another would
be so affable and attractive in their manners
as to draw out all the latent virtues of their

scholars, and soften them, and mould them
at their pleasure. Now I am afraid that both
of these theories are in part fallacious. In
the first case you would lose the just esteem
of your scholars. In the second, you would
be perplexed and mortified at seeing your
kindness disregarded by many a sturdy, sub-
tle, and wilful scholar. My opinion is, that
teachers should as far as possible act the part
of a constant friend. Be kind and indulgent,
but not at the expense of principle. Be pa-
tient and forgiving, until forbearance ceases
to be a virtue, but spare not the rod when by
so doing you will spoil the child.

SCHOLARSHIP.
The standard of scholarship in this town
is comparatively low, yet there are some very
fair scholars, and particularly so when con-
sidered in respect to their age. The young-
er scholars are in advance of the older ones
when so considered. Here I want to redeem
a promise I made when visiting the schools,
which was, to report the best scholar in
town, hoping thereby to excite some competi-
tion. I shall have to give the preference
to Miss Delphine Nelson. She excels in the
most neglected, reading and spelling, but
which should be the principal studies in our
schools. She also excels in grammar, and is equal
to other scholars in other studies. In mathe-
matics the scholars seem to have a fair stand-
ing. They seemed to have turned their at-
tention to this branch of education to the
neglect of other studies, seeming to think if
they can get some knowledge of figure it
is not much matter about anything more.—
This in my opinion is a gross mistake. It is
by reading that the mass of community gain
their information. Therefore a taste for read-
ing should be cultivated while young, and it
is of great importance that this should be
done correctly. But this cannot be done un-
less scholars are learned to spell correctly.—
Scholars should not only be required to read
and spell, but they should be directed to pre-
pare their lessons for recitation, the same as
other lessons are prepared and then carefully
recited.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.
Among all the negligence with which our
schools are chargeable, there seems none so
inexcusable as the neglect of parents. They
do not even give as much attention to this
subject as they do to other business of the
same expense. Schools are not visited as
they should be. Teachers are not consulted
as to the conduct or necessities of scholars,
and in many cases no effort is made to get
scholars to school. Everything leaves the
impression of indifference. This state of
things does not pass unnoticed by scholars.
Teachers take the infection, and the time is
squandered; the school is worse than use-
less. We cannot expect to see much improve-
ment in our schools until parents shall first
fulfill their duty. Those having no scholars
will be very reluctant to help support schools
when they see it is of no benefit. But let
parents as well as others visit schools, and
by their interest show their estimation of
learning and the necessity of acquiring it.—
Thus may they not only encourage their
scholars, but materially lighten the task of
their teachers, who will renew their ardor
when they see that their labors are properly
appreciated. When parents shall use the
means in their power to improve our schools
then they may justly ask the assistance of
community, and doubtless their call will be
responded to.

FELLOW CITIZENS:
Thus briefly and meagerly I have set be-
fore you the condition and some of the ne-
cessities of our schools. It is a subject that
commands itself to your immediate attention.
The instruction of nearly three hundred
scholars in this town is of great importance.
The value of their school days cannot be too
highly estimated. If mispent, it will be a
loss to them which will be irreparable, thro
life. The inability of scholars to appreciate
these golden seasons, makes it the duty of
every good citizen to guard this public
treasure as to do honor to the town, and free
us from the duty which we owe to the rising
generation.

General Miscellany.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The following
incident in the life of the grandfather of the
late Governor Caleb Strong of Massachusetts
is quite romantic: "He had paid some atten-
tion to Mary (daughter of Capt. John) Shel-
don of Deerfield, Mass., and there was love
but no engagement between them. On the
fatal 29th of February, 1704, she was taken
prisoner by the French and Indians and car-
ried to Canada, where she remained two or
three years. It is stated that the first ques-
tion she asked of those who came to redeem
her was whether Jonathan Strong was mar-
ried. He was married—her return being
considered very uncertain. After her return
she also married. But in the year 1761 her
husband and Mr. Strong's wife both died,
and these aged persons—he in his 80th year,
and she in her 76th—renewed their attach-
ment after a lapse of fifty-eight years, and
were married in 1762." The late Sylvester
Judd of Northampton says that a third of
a century ago people were living in Northamp-
ton who had seen the venerable couple ride
through the streets of that town, she on a
pillion behind her husband.

Power of Courage.
To give any form of courage an available
or working value, it is essential that it has
two qualities—promptness and persistency.
What Napoleon called "two-o'clock-in-the-
morning courage," is rare. It requires great
enthusiasm or great discipline, to be proof
against a surprise. It is said that Suwarow,
even in peace, always slept fully, "and want-
ed to enjoy a comfortable sleep," "I usually
took off one spur," said he. In regard to
persistency, history is full of instances of un-
expected reverses and eleventh hour tri-
umphs. The battle of Marengo was consid-
ered hopeless for the first half of the day, and
a retreat was generally expected, on the part
of the French, when Dessaix, consulted by
Bonaparte, looked at his watch, and said,
"The battle is completely lost, but it is only
two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain
another." He then made his famous and fa-
tal cavalry charge, and won the field. It was
from a noble appreciation of this kind of
persistency, that when the battle of Cana-
was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by
bushels the rings of fallen Roman Knights,
the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the de-
feated General, Consul Trentus Varro, for
not having despaired of the Republic.

Thus armed at all points, incapable of being
surprised or exhausted, courage achieves
results that seem miraculous. It is an ele-
ment of inspiration, something superadded
and incalculable, when all the forces are ex-
hausted. When we consider how really for-
midable becomes the humbleness of quadru-
ples, cat or rat, when it grows mad and de-
perate and throws all personal fear behind,
it is clear that there must be a reserved pow-
er in human daring, which defies computa-
tion, and equalizes the most fearful odds.—
Take one man, mad with excitement and in-
toxication, place him with his back to the
wall, a knife in his hand, and the fire of utter
frenzy in his eyes, and who among the thou-
sands of bystanders dares make the first at-
tempt to disarm him? Desperate courage
makes one a majority. Baron Trenck nearly
escaped from the fortress of Glatz, at nearly
day, snatching a sword from an officer, pass-
ing all the sentinels with a sudden rush, and
almost effecting his retreat to the mountains,
"which incident proves," he says, "that adven-
turous, and even rash daring will render the
most improbable undertaking successful, and
that desperate attempts may often make a
general more fortunate and famous than the
wisest and best concerted plans."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A COOL CORNISH MISER.—Some years ago
a party of Cambridge (English) philosophers
undertook, for a scientific object to penetrate
into the vasty depths of Wheel Fortunes
mine. The venerable professor Farash, who
made one of the number, used to relate with
infinite gusto the following startling incident
of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary
manner, by means of the bucket, and with a
miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived as
he thought, unmistakable symptoms of frai-
lity in the rope. "How often do you change
your ropes, my good man?" he inquired,
when about half way from the bottom of the
awful abyss. "We change them every three
months, sir," replied the man in the bucket,
"and we shall change this one to-morrow, if
we get up safe."—*Builder.*

"THE MEETING AT THE GATE."—That would
do for the title of a song. It is a better name
for a story than some now in use. Still this
discussion has nothing to do with the busi-
ness now in hand, which is to relate what
befell a shop boy, who had inflated himself
with the notion that all the young ladies who
have cast their eyes upon him during the
two or three months he has been "down," are
intensely in love with his golden locks. He
bothered everybody with this faith that
was in him; and his companions, as much
to cure him, as to rid themselves of his con-
fidential displays of madness, caused a letter
in a feminine hand, to be addressed to him.
Such as "Do dearest, if you would save
a heart from breaking, a mind from distraction,
or a body from destruction, meet me at the
West street gate this (Tuesday) evening,
and there I will pour out my whole soul to
you."
This was very attractive language—it was
well calculated to deceive, as the reporters
say of counterfeit notes. "Let 8 o'clock be
the hour, dear," she added; "I can't come
earlier, darling, for my mamma miss me." She
further enjoined that he should approach the
gate from West street, bearing in his "hand
a kerchief as fair, as a signal" to his "own
Emma." After all these endearments, it is
safe to say that the sapling was early on the
ground. His tormentors suffered him to
walk until 9 o'clock, and then they came
forth from behind the trees, and the lovely
young man was weaned.—*Boston Courier.*

An Unprofitable Pint of Whisky.
A case has been decided in the court of
common pleas in Champaign county, Ohio,
which is a loud caution to liquor sellers. Pe-
ter Lawson sold to one Reed Brush a pint of
whisky; Brush got "intoxicated and drunk,"
as the law states it; Brush did furiously
seize an ax and with force and violence did
cut and chop off the left foot of his wife, Mrs.
Brush. There is a wise and salutary law in
Ohio, giving to wife, child, parent, guardian,
employer, or other person who shall be in-
jured in person, property, or means of sup-
port by an intoxicated person, a right of ac-
tion against the person who sold the liquor
to the intoxicated person. Under this law
Mrs. Brush sued Lawson, the grocer, for
\$20,000 damages for the loss of her foot by
means of his pint of whisky. The defense

alleged that the maiming was the result of a
domestic quarrel brought about by the un-
chaste conduct of the wife. But the judge
very properly ruled that immoral conduct on
the woman's part could not forfeit her claim
to legal protection, and that the law consid-
ered her drunken husband as merely the in-
strument of Lawson in cutting off her foot,
and held the latter as truly responsible for it
as if he had done the act with his own
hands. The jury therefore found a verdict
of \$5000 damages against Lawson and in fa-
vor of the abused wife. Lawson will be li-
kely to be careful who he sells whisky to af-
ter this.

A New Dodge—Spiritualism in Medical Practice.

A short time since the child of one of our
up-town families was suddenly seized with a
sickness, which seemed so serious that imme-
diately the family physician, a man of long
experience, and his accompaniments, were
sent for in great haste; but alas, he came
not, and the sudden culmination of the
disease into a terrific convulsion compelled
the family to abandon their regular doctor
and send for the nearest one, who proved to
be an educated man of the old school—a se-
rious objection, indeed, to the family, but
which, in their distressed situation, could not
well be helped. The character of the diffi-
culty was quickly perceived, and an emetic
quickly removed a quantity of undigested
and improper food, restoring the child to
comparative health. The thanks of the
whole family were prodigally bestowed upon
the physician, the preserver of their child,
who was requested to continue his attendance
till the child was entirely recovered. The
next morning brought the tardy Dr. Pellets,
who was met with a storm of reproaches for
his neglect and inattention, and with the
statement that if they had waited for him
their child would now have been a corpse,
and that now, as the doctor had done so
much for them, they could never repay him,
and he should continue to attend the child,
and an intimation was held out that they
should continue to employ him in the future.
Dr. Pellets could not afford to lose so valu-
able a family without a struggle to retain it;
so he said commiseratingly: "I regret, my
dear madam, the alarm you have been under
and the danger in which your darling be-
came. At what hour did you say the
child began to improve?" "It was just as
the clock struck four," was the answer. "Ah,
my dear lady, I thought it was so. It was
five minutes before four o'clock when I en-
tered my house and saw your call on my
plate. My spirit was put into immediate
communication with your child, and through
it I was enabled to act upon the convulsed
spirit of your charming little cherub." "Is
it possible, my dear Doctor Pellets? We
thought it was almost a miracle, and foolishly
attributed it to the action of this allopathic
poisonous emetic, which indeed only
brought a few rain skins and stones and a
little bit of meringue pie it had eaten. Ah,
Doctor, forgive us for doubting you, and the
hard words and harder thoughts we have had
for you."

Poor Doctor Squills was incontinently
most unceremoniously kicked out, and the
spirits are in full favor. Even a doctor with
journeyman assistants can't compete with
one who has spirits at command with less
trouble than Aladdin.—*N. Y. Times.*

A House for Sale, and Something Else.

The following extraordinary advertisement
first appeared in the *Chicago Press and Tri-
bune* on the 21st:
Editors Press and Tribune:
I want, my dear sirs, to sell one or both of
my houses at the corner of Fine and Huron
streets, north side. I want money, but I will
sell them without money, and almost with-
out price. When I commenced these house-
s my wife was living, and I fondly hoped I
should die before she died. She has "gone
before," and the houses have no charm for
me. They are too high, too costly, too showy,
and have too many modern improvements to
suit me. Some one in looking over the cor-
ner house before it was finished, said it had
seven hundred miles of lead pipe in it. I
believe he lied! I don't believe there is half
as much. Did you ever lie? No? I don't
believe you. We all will lie.
As soon as my wife returned to Ohio from
our trip to Lake Superior in the summer of
1858, she wrote to me, "Husband, if I am to
move to Chicago the sooner you build me a
house the better I shall be suited. We have
had as good a house as our neighbors here,
Emma." After all these endearments, it is
safe to say that the sapling was early on the
ground. His tormentors suffered him to
walk until 9 o'clock, and then they came
forth from behind the trees, and the lovely
young man was weaned.—*Boston Courier.*

I presume Mr. Wheelock (the best architect
in Chicago, as I am told,) can tell what it is
for. I believe they are used in penitentiaries
for incorrigible sinners, that nothing else will
tame, and I suppose is put in my house to
tame naughty children; or, perhaps, to tame
a shrew. The hot bath. The cold bath.—
These old-fashioned institutions we know all
about. The bidet bath. This will require a
desertation in French to explain. It has
lately been imported into Boston, as my ly-
ing plumber told me. It must have cost at
least the price of a good farm, and of course
it must be exceedingly useful. Mr. Wheel-
lock said I could appeal to Dr. Brainard who
had spent five years in Paris, and he would
know all about it. I know if it cost a great
deal of money, my ladies would want it, so I
went to bind. Some one has told me that it
would save its cost every year in doctor's
bills. That if you used it you would never
need medicine or doctors. As I would make
any sacrifice to keep clear of doctors, I let
the farms go without complaint. The minor
baths I cannot take time to describe. I be-
lieve one of the bath rooms cost me three
thousand dollars, (including the stealings.)
What is three thousand dollars? Why nothing
but filthy lucre, not to be thought of for a
moment, when the health of one of God's
angels is to be restored by the bidet bath.—
Then the plunge. Oh! Caesar. When God
has given us such a plunge as Lake Michi-
gan that we must have a miniature lake in
our cellar. I guess that did not cost over a
hundred dollars, and I have filled it up in
disgust. If any one, Messrs. Editors, want
a palace with all modern improvements, and
more too, I want to sell them one, for I am
exceedingly anxious to get out of the city, on
to Barry Point Ridge, and into a double log
cabin—just such as old Tippecanoe lived in
at North Bend. I want to live for a few
years in simple Quaker simplicity, in a good
log cabin, the best house a man ever lived in.
Do help me out of the scrape.
Your friend,
SOLOMON SURGES.

Look Out for the Pop!

"We pity him!"
"Whom?"
"Why, Wiggins."
"Listen and you shall be told. Last fall
Wiggins married a fine young lady, and ev-
ery way worthy of his heart and hand. They
commenced keeping house; he working in
the shop, and she looking after the interest
of their cottage home. By and by Wiggins
had a pain in his side; and he thought it
might be that it was hard work at the bench
that caused it; and so he rests occasionally.
Only a few minutes at a time, and during
that time he runs across the street to a sa-
loon, and dodges behind a green blind that
stands on the floor.
"Don't know what is behind that blind.—
But every time Wiggins goes behind there
something goes pop! like a cork coming out
of a bottle. We pity Wiggins; we do; and
Mrs. Wiggins too. There is a shadow on
Mrs. Wiggins' face; and a more fearful one
around her heart!
Reader, is your name Wiggins? Hope
not; but if it is, do be careful of that thing
which goes pop! behind that little green
blind. We are afraid it will hit you. Be
careful.

Religious Reading.

"I am not Ready to Die."

A young mother lay upon her couch, un-
conscious of the fact that the last threads
were swiftly passing through the web of life,
and that its gaudy colorings and rich scene-
ry were soon to be rolled up and laid away;
that in a few brief hours it would be said of
her part in life's gay drama, it is finished.
I had seen her in health, when husband
and little ones tenderly encircled her, when
promise of long life and domestic happiness
lent enchantment to every plan, and vigor to
every purpose. I had seen her preferring
the festivities of the ball-room to quiet home
joys, entrusting her children to the cruel
care of hirelings, while her own attention
was engrossed with etiquette and fashion. I
had seen her when the Spirit was teaching
her the vanity of earthly pleasures, and open-
ing before her darkened mind the reality and
beauty of the heavenly world; when, in bit-
terness of spirit, she wept over her life of
folly, but could not give up its fascinations;
and, when called still more loudly to reflec-
tion and deep sorrow by the death of a fa-
vorite child, she had resolved to lead a new
life, and connect herself with the church.
But alas! her fears were like the shadows
that flit along the plain. Her repentance
was but the sudden grief of childhood, her
pious resolutions like footprints upon the
sand. She failed to outstep the delusive cir-
cles of that whirlpool on whose merry rounds
she had loved to glide. She heard not its
muffled roaring, sure omen of evil.
For a brief year I did not meet her. Then
how changed the scene! The bell of a
neighbor church was tolling the funeral
knell. I joined in the service. At its close,
a few in company with the mourners were
permitted to take a last view of the depart-
ed. There lay the young mother in the
robes of death. Her life had not changed.
Disease had smitten her violently, and reason
slept. During a brief interval of her
delirium she earnestly inquired of her phy-
sician:
"Am I in danger?"
Replying rather in the affirmative, she ex-
claimed in terror,
"O, I am not ready to die! Save me, if
you can. I am not ready to die!"
These were her last words. Delirium
returned, giving her no opportunity to ex-
ercise repentance towards God or faith in that
Savior who had called and been refused un-
til His Spirit had forever taken its flight. In